

### Heart and Emotions.

In addition to those bodily movements which are called "voluntary," various bodily phenomena which are clearly involuntary accompany violent mental excitement. The blush of shame, the distinctive flushes of joy and of anger, the pallor and sweat of fear, the tears of grief, and the "creeping" of the flesh provoked by horror, are familiar examples. The respiration is quickened by joy and retarded by anxiety, and the feeling of relief finds expression in a deep sigh. Violent emotions often disturb the digestion. The heart "bounds with joy," is paralyzed by horror, "leaps to the throat" in terror. The connection between the heart and the emotions is so intimate that the heart was long regarded as the seat of the soul. Most of these involuntary physical concomitants of mental excitement are brought about by a special part of the nervous system, the sympathetic nerve and its branches which ramify to every part of the body. The best-known branches are those that govern the dilatation of the blood vessels, which are profoundly affected by mental states. These phenomena, says the Scientific American, are susceptible of exact quantitative determination by means of a method devised by the Italian physiologist, Mosso. The result is fairly accurate measurement of the variation of blood supply in the brain. The subject is laid on a board which is balanced on a fulcrum at the center of gravity. When the subject is quiet and undisturbed the board lies horizontal. Now, if an unpleasant sensation or emotion is induced in the subject, his head is involuntarily elevated, indicating diminution in the quantity of blood in the brain. An agreeable sensation or emotion produces the opposite effect.

### The Spread of Temperance.

To drinking, says Lecky, must be attributed most of the crime and an immense proportion of the misery of his nation; and what is true of England is true of the United States. As the beginning of most violent crime on a big scale in English history is parallel with the spread of strong drink, so in our country crimes of violence, crimes of debauchery, political corruption, the waste of wages, the ruin of families, all have their home and origin in the saloon. Civilization will not be a success until the saloon is but a memory of what men once endured. West and south in the United States to-day the path to temperance is being followed with more determination than ever in the history of our country. In more territory than the saloon made illegal, and in a greater part of this territory is public opinion sufficiently strong to make prohibition a success. When it is a success, life will be brighter for the wives and children of hundreds of thousands of fathers and husbands.

Speaking of the honesty of banks—and few of them cause loss through deliberate dishonesty—George Kennan in McClure's pertinently, but perhaps a little unkindly, recalls the experience of a San Francisco bank showing that depositors are not always to be trusted. After the earthquake, according to the story, the German National bank, which had lost all its books, asked its customers to state the amounts they had on deposit. The officers knew precisely the amount they had lost in the aggregate, but did not have a record of the individual accounts. The sums specified by the depositors exceeded the known deposits of the bank by more than \$75,000. This showed that customers were taking advantage of the situation, but rather than question their honesty the bank charged the amount to profit and loss and paid all demands in full. This true story should teach the average man who rails against corporations that perhaps he isn't to be trusted himself.

Fragments of four plays by Menander, the Greek comic poet, have been found in a little town in Egypt, adding practically as much of his work as was previously known to exist. It is supposed to be Menander whom St. Paul quotes in his sermon to the Athenians: "As certain also of your own poets have said, For we are also his offspring." Menander was highly praised by Julius Caesar, Quintilian, and other Latin writers, but some critics of his recently discovered work intimate doubts if he deserved all the praise he received.

A Missouri woman shot her husband because he didn't come to supper on time. That's just like a woman; she could have fed him two or three times like a mother used to make and there wouldn't have been so much ado over it.

A Pennsylvania woman charges a wandering hunter with having maliciously killed her \$10,000 bulldog. Ten thousand dollars? Well, a body can put any price he likes on his dog. Finding a buyer is another matter.

## ONLY THROUGH LOVE

By ANNE HIBBARD

(Copyright)

Katherine had been spending the afternoon at the art exhibition. When she was leaving she pushed her way through the hall, and near the door passed the same gay group who had caught her attention once before. They did not see her this time, she was sure; Louise was eagerly criticizing a picture with a tall young lady, and her brother was leaning over his pretty blonde companion with some laughing remark. No, they did not see her; she ran down the stairs, and walked quickly along the crowded thoroughfare, trying not to think. Why did she feel so hurt and angry, and so inclined to cry? Why should they have cared to recognize her—a girl in a shabby gown? It was more than a year since they had seen her, and then only for a few weeks—but they had been such good friends during that short time. True, it was in a country village, where there was no fashionable society, and boarding at the same farm house, they were thrown much together; and she was a very pleasant companion and had the knack of finding the shadiest rides, and the nooks where the blackberries grew thickest.

If it had been anyone but Louise and—Dr. Leigh! She checked a rising sob, and turned into a side street. It was almost deserted, and hardly half a square away was a tall young man, coming toward her. She recognized him instantly, and her first impulse was to turn back. But no, he might have seen her—she would not run away. She threw her head proudly up, and looked straight before her. He might recognize her now—he was alone; but she would not see him. He was quite near now, and her heart was beating fast. Would he pass her by?

"Miss Graydon!" The joyful surprise in his tone sounded very genuine, but she would not notice it. "How do you do, Dr. Leigh?" she said coldly, ignoring his outstretched hand. Her expression changed.

"Are you not going to shake hands with me, Miss Katherine?" She put her hand unwillingly into his.

"How long have you been in town? Where are you stopping?" he questioned.

"I have been in town eight months," she said distinctly, "and I am boarding in South Benton street." She took especial satisfaction in naming the unfashionable quarter.

Katherine was an orphan and was trying hard to cultivate her voice. She managed to make ends meet by taking pupils of her own.

They walked on in silence a few minutes. They had turned into a street where the houses were tall and shabby and built close together.

"And you are living down here?" he said, indicating the seemingly endless row of houses. "Alone, Miss Katherine?"

"Yes, alone. My landlady and her family are very respectable and good-hearted, but hardly congenial. Yes, I am practically alone. This is the place. I can't ask you in, Dr. Leigh—I have too much consideration for your feelings. Mrs. Hawkins' front parlor is something to weep over."

Now and then Katherine met Dr. Leigh walking in Benton street, and he always joined her, looking surprised and pleased.

She knew he worked hard at his profession, and also that the large fortune left by his father rendered it quite unnecessary. She ventured to question him once when the subject was touched upon.

"I love my work," he said. "And I should not be happy idle."

"But you need not be idle. There are a hundred things to interest one and fill one's time."

Katherine began to look forward to these walks and talks, and to the great bunches of violets and hot-house roses she often found in her room, with Murray Leigh's card attached.

One day she found her washerwoman waiting for her with the plea that she would come to see her sick daughter.

"I hate to bother you, miss, but she's been crying for you, and it seems like she would get better if you would come and sing for her. She's that low-spirited she can't get well. It's that terrible la grippe, miss."

So Katherine went, taking with her Leigh's lavish gift of flowers.

"I can be at least a little brightener to some one else's life," she thought, and herself, felt brighter for the good it did the child.

She went often after that, not knowing how often she barely missed meeting Dr. Leigh on the narrow staircase. One evening Murray Leigh stopped quietly to listen a moment at the half-open door. When the song was finished he entered without knocking, and Katherine rose, flushed and agitated, and bade the invalid a hurried "Good night."

"Wait five minutes, Miss Graydon, and I will go home with you," Leigh said.

"Oh, I am not in the least timid. I will not trouble you, Dr. Leigh. Good night, Mamma."

She hurried through the doorway, but Leigh followed her.

"If you won't wait for me, Miss Graydon," he said, blocking the passage. "I will leave my patient and go with you now."

He smiled, but Katherine thought

he looked very determined. For a moment she hesitated, half inclined to resent his tone. Then she said:

"Very well, I will wait at the street door."

In a few minutes he joined her there. It was quite dark now, except for the stars that were out in force, and as they stepped out into the empty street, Katherine felt glad that she was not alone.

"So you are the Dr. Leigh they regard with such reverence," she said. "My landlady said they employed some sort of quack, she thought."

Leigh laughed.

"And you are their Lady Bountiful. I did not dream of meeting you there, Miss Graydon."

"I dare say not," she answered. "You thought such a butterfly as I would, seek gayer haunts."

He looked down at her in quick surprise, for it was the first touch of bitterness he had heard from her.

"You have done my patient no end of good," he said, cheerfully, ignoring her tone. "She will be up in a day or two. But I'm afraid you've given away my flowers."

"Not all of them," said Katherine, glancing down at a tiny bunch of vio-



"Say You Will Marry Me, Kitty?"

lets pinned on his jacket. "I am glad you've had a successful fight with that terrible la grippe." She laughed a little, but the laugh was very near to tears.

"They have been doing very well since Malloy died," Dr. Leigh said. "The son is a great help to his mother, and the daughter, too, is a good little thing. They seem quite contented in their hard, narrow life. Poor things!"

"I don't pity them," Katherine exclaimed. "I envy them."

"Oh, no!" said Dr. Leigh. "It surely might be worse, but I don't understand your envying them."

"If you had ever been alone, you would."

"Poor little girl!" muttered Leigh. His own heart was beating rapidly. At last he said in a low tone:

"You need not be alone a day longer. You know that, don't you, Katherine?"

Katherine almost stopped, as she turned to look at him, startled.

"I know you don't care for me," he went on; "though you like me well enough in a friendly way; your manner has always made that clear. But, Katherine, I could make you care if you were my wife, and at least you would not be alone nor have that horrible drudgery of teaching. Is not that reason enough for marrying me?"

"I should have to be far worse off than I am," she answered, slowly, "before I could do that."

Leigh flushed.

"Don't you think that is a little hard?" he said, somewhat bitterly.

Then Katherine broke down and buried her face in her handkerchief.

"You misunderstand me—I am very sorry."

"Then prove that you are sorry by saying you will marry me."

He waited a minute and then took the hand which lay on his arm.

"If you knew how I love you, dear," he said, persuasively. "Kitty—I have always longed to call you that—say you will marry me, Kitty."

"I will marry you—"

"Kitty!"

"Because—" She hesitated.

"My darling, I don't care why! So long as you marry me, it makes no difference."

"It makes a difference to me. I would never marry for the reasons you gave. I will marry you because—"

I love you.

And though they were in the full glare of the electric light, he put his arms about her, and bent and kissed her lips.

"I am the happiest fellow in the world!" he said.

"It is hard to believe that I am the same miserable girl who left here two hours ago," Katherine said, when she bade him "Good night." "What a wonderful difference love can make in one's life."

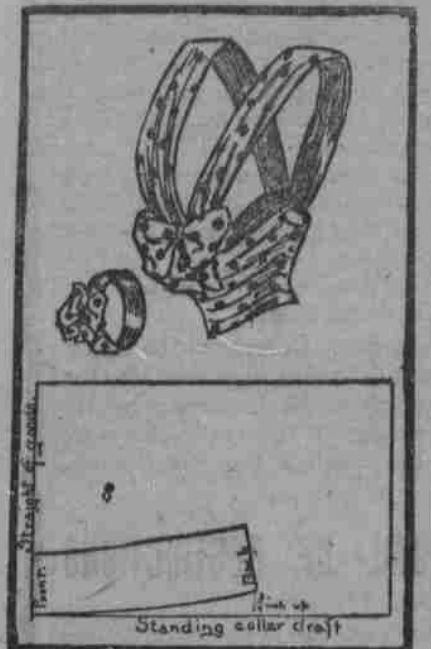
## HAT WELL-DRESSED WOMEN WEAR

### FOR HIGH COLLAR

EASY TO MAKE YOUR OWN PATTERN AT HOME.

Some Important Points to Keep in Mind and the Rest is Easy—Be Careful Not to Let the Material Pucker.

To cut a high standing collar without a pattern, or rather, to make your own pattern, take the exact measure of your neck, top and bottom, jot down on paper, then draw a pattern like the illustration given. If the collar fastens in the middle of the back, then the middle of the front is on a straight fold. One important point to remember is to have the collar as straight



as possible; that is, not to have too curved edges. The more circular a collar is in cut, the thicker and larger the throat looks. See to it that the neck line of the waist is high, which in itself will help in having a straight

### DARKER BLOUSES ARE MODISH.

Change in Style That Has Much to Recommend It.

There are innovations in the province of the ready-made blouse this season. Heretofore it has been possible to buy white blouses of silk, satin, crepe, chiffon, or lace in almost any degree of elegance, but the dark blouse has usually been of the simplest sort, clinging to shirtwaist lines or departing from them with unsatisfactory results. The woman who wanted a truly smart dark blouse for wear with a trotting frock was obliged to have it made, and even then more often failed than not.

For some time past the heavy durable chiffon known as chiffon cloth has been first favorite for the costume blouse, being sheer enough for comfort in our overheated buildings, offering possibilities of daintiness and dressiness, yet practical for all that. Dyed nets and laces also claimed attention as blouse materials, and after them came the soft silks and crepes.

This fall blouses makers who supply the ready-made models have been inspired to offer to their trade blouses of chiffon cloth, thin voile, net and lace in dark colors—blues, browns, greens, black—made after the fashion of the lingerie blouses, without bones or fitted lining.

The sheer dark stuff is laid over a white chiffon or mousseline, or in some instances a sheer India silk, and affords all the comfort of the unlined lingerie blouse while echoing the color of the costume and looking warmer than the blouse of batiste or mull.



Many women have been obliged or have preferred to replace long silk gloves, not by a new pair, but by short ones, which they sew to the perfectly good arms of the old ones.

This season, however, makes an unsightly line, which immediately proclaims economy to all the world. One clever woman crocheted instead of sewing the parts together.

The crocheted band was in a pretty pattern, and of silk to match the gloves in shade, was an ornament in place of blemish, and for months her friends haunted the stores in a vain search for a counterpart.

Not only does the crocheting improve the appearance of the old gloves, but it also lengthens them, and relieves that distressingly "short" feeling often present in inexpensive kinds.

### After a Shampoo.

To obviate the difficulty found in making the hair stay in a pompadour after shampooing, a hairdresser advises the drying of the front hair over a good-sized roll of tissue paper. This prevents all parting afterward, as the hair practically dries a la pompadour.

collar. The height of the collar, front and back, is next decided on, usually making it a half inch or more higher at the back.

Mark the height for the front on the edge of the paper (which represents the fold of the material), then measure across the bottom edge the number of inches for half of the neck measure and make a dot. Measure straight up from this dot from one-half to one inch and put a mark there. Draw a line slightly curved from this mark to the bottom edge of the paper in the middle of the front. This will give the lower edge of the collar. Measure up in the middle of the back, from the height it is to be in the back, put a dot there, then measure from the dot, marking the height in the middle of the front, to the "height" point in the middle of the back and put a dot where the right size for the top of the collar comes.

Connect the top and bottom in the middle back by a straight line, then draw a line (curving slightly, like the bottom one), connecting the two points at the top. This can be cut out and used as a pattern. This pattern does not allow for any lapping, so if the waist buttons half the width of the hem must be allowed beyond the middle of the back. Cut the cloth out exactly as the pattern was made, putting the middle of the front of the pattern on a straight fold of the goods, and allow sufficient for seams all around.

Square off the corners, turn right side out, and use an ivory stiletto to get the corners well in shape. Holding the waist (wrong side) next to you, pin the middle of the waist to the middle of the collar, then pin the collar and waist together at the ends and baste carefully together, then stitch on the machine, after which the seam should be clipped nearly to the stitching at intervals all the way. The neck of the dress is quite curved and this clipping makes it set better; then the wrong side of the collar is clipped on the edge, basted and hemmed down. Care must be taken not to pack the material at all.

### IN THE RICHEST MATERIALS.

Afternoon and Reception Frocks Are Truly Gorgeous.

For afternoon and reception frocks fur plays an important part, while Liberty satin and velvet are favorite fabrics. A very charming and characteristic coat of black carnation is sketched by our artist. It is worn with a skirt of soft purple Liberty



satin, and a purple chiffon and satin blouse. The waistcoat consists of pale tan cloth worked in shades of purple, peacock-blue and rose, while the revers and necklet are of ermine. A touch of embroidery finishes the sleeve under the cuff of ermine. Charming is the dark purple felt hat, with its thick ruching of black satin ribbon and waving Paradis plumes.

### Old Sideboards.

A new use for the old Chippendale sideboards, that are now considered too small to serve in the capacity for which they were originally intended, is to convert them into dressing tables, and most attractive and serviceable dressers do they make, with their rows of small drawers at each side and the large space on top for the innumerable silver and ivory jars, boxes and flasks that are so necessary for milady's toilette. A glass top can be fitted for this dresser, if desired, and laid over a cover of fine flint lace and embroidered linen, or else placed directly upon the wood if it is of particularly handsome marking.

### Guimpes of Alencon Lace.

Alencon lace, embroidered with silver or gold threads, is used for guimpes and the mitten sleeves that finish nearly every dressy costume. It is pretty work to follow the design of lace with these fine threads of metal and silk. Easy of achievement, it brings the smart garniture within the means of abler purses.

PROOF FOR TWO CENTS.

If You Suffer With Your Kidneys and Back Write to This Man.

G. W. Winney, Medical N. Y., invites kidney sufferers to write to him.



To all who enclose postage he will reply telling how Doan's Kidney Pills cured him after he had doctored and had been in two different hospitals for eighteen months, suffering intense pain in the back, lameness, twinges when stooping or lifting, languor, dizzy spells and rheumatism. "Before I used Doan's Kidney Pills," says Mr. Winney, "I weighed 143. After taking 10 or 12 boxes I weighed 163 and was completely cured."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

### Going to Be Fined.

When George Ade was a newspaper reporter he was sent to "write up" an Irish laborer who had fallen from a building. When Mr. Ade arrived on the scene, several officers and others were helping the injured man into the ambulance. Mr. Ade pulled out his pad and pencil. "What's his name?" he asked one of the policemen.

The injured man, who had heard Ade and who mistook him for the timekeeper employed by the contractor, rolled his eyes in a disgusted way.

"What d'ye think o' that?" he muttered. "I'm goin' to be docked for the few minutes I lose goin' to the hospital!"—Success.

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

### The Worst Was Yet to Come.

A southern pulpit orator, one Sunday morning, was describing the experience of the prodigal son. In his endeavor to impress his hearers with the shame and remorse that this young man felt and his desire to cast away his wicked doings, he spoke thus:

"Dis young man got to thinking about his meanness and his misery, and he tuk off his coat and frowed it away. And den he tuk off his vest and frowed dat away. And den he tuk off his shirt and frowed dat away too. And den he come to hisself."

### Never Disappoints.

"Many extensively advertised remedies are failures when put to the test. Hunt's Lightning Oil is an exception. Confidence in it is never misplaced—disappointment never follows its use. It is surely the grandest emergency remedy now obtainable. For cuts, burns, sprains, aches and pains I know no equal."

GEORGE E. FADDOCK, Doniphan, Mo.

### A Treasure Ship.

Slas Stubble—I see that ev'ry time that new ship sails—the Lucy Tanner I think her name—she carries 7,500 tons of coal.

Hank Harkins—By ginger! It's a darn good thing there ain't no pirats a-rovin' the sea these days!—Puck.

By following the directions, which are plainly printed on each package of Defiance Starch, Men's Collars and Cuffs can be made just as stiff as desired, with either gloss or domestic finish. Try it, 15 oz. for 10c, sold by all good grocers.

Training Lion for Exhibition. It takes four years to train a lion for exhibition work, but only one animal in four is available for training. A few accomplishments increases the animal's value five fold.

### Stop That Cough.

If you have a cough, cold, sore throat, or chest, don't delay a moment—cure it. Simon's Cough Syrup is a sure remedy. It makes you well.

If people would neither borrow nor lend there would be more life-long friendships.

## The General Demand

of the Well-Informed of the World has always been for a simple, pleasant and efficient liquid laxative remedy of known value; a laxative which physicians could sanction for family use because its component parts are known to them to be wholesome and truly beneficial in effect, acceptable to the system and gentle, yet prompt in action.

In supplying that demand with its excellent combination of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, the California Fig Syrup Co. proceeds along ethical lines and relies on the merits of the laxative for its remarkable success.

That is one of many reasons why Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is given the preference by the Well-Informed. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists. Price fifty cents per bottle.